7/18/72 Howard, several weeks ago a repoeter friend sent me the Pocket Books edition of The Pursuit of Intoxication. It is by Dr. Andrew Malcolm of the Addiction Research Foundation, Toronto. The original edition is last year. This one is not to be out until next month. I picked it up to read a bit before going to bed and I found these words in the Preface. I have no way of knowing if they are relevant, but I give them to you for any value they may have:"...an amphetamine taken to reduce the appetite in cases of obesity may produce euphoria. Instead, ~~dat~~ discoverers of this side effect may gradually shift their basic reason for using the drug from the medical to the furtively recreational."

After being sure to label it his theory and to say it is not established scientific fact:"...mytheory of chemical conversion. This is the hypothesis that certain vulnerable users of drugs that produce altered states of consciousness may experience fixations of their beliefs and that this most limiting condition tends, through reinforcement, to be very persistent if not irreversible...." (vi)

The times I've eaten with Sylvia, she ate at least as much as I did, and I then ate heavily. As I remember her apartment, she was a nibbler, as I have been and would be if I all would let me be.

If Sylvia took amphetamines to reduce, she was defeating any benefit they might have had with the way she ate and on the basis of my experience with her and both, not least, she was either not getting inhibition of her appetite or, if reduced, she ate with an incredible one.

My friend sent me this book because of a strong supposition she had about the use of recording with hypnosis. I asked him his opinion, having no experience of my own. In fact, I doubt there is anyone who has less knowledge of drugs than I. I had one source who must have been on something from the pupils, or the different things, because they varied from pinpoints to the entire iris, but I never knew what. I know there was a time it had to be what is called uppers because there was no sleep until, when it came, it was inexorably deep.